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THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MILITIS SOMNIUM¹

Indutias dant cornua vesperi,
stellaeque caelis excubias agunt;
dum mille fessos somnus ambit,
livida Mors metit ense laesos.

Stratumque noctu stramineum premens,
ignes ubi arcent corporibus lupos,
vidi sopitus dulce visum;
ter rediit remorante nocte.

Pugna videbar terribili procul
errasse solus per loca devia;
autumnus instat, sol refulget,
cum propero patrias ad aedes.

Pernix volavi per solitos agros,
per quos vagabar dum vigeo puer;
iam vox caprarum tangit aures,
cantica iam resonant metentum.

Iuroque, fuso de patera mero:
"Numquam relinquam cum patria meos!"
Mox parvuli me basiarunt,
dum lacrimata precatur uxor:

"Lassus viarum es, te recrea domi!"
fractoque bellis vox placuit mihi:
sed luce prima cura surgit,
auribus effugiuntque voces.

ST. STANISLAUS SEMINARY,
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A. F. GEYSER, S. J.

MR. H. G. WELLS AND THE FUNCTIONAL DEITIES OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY

Mr. Wells's book, *God the Invisible King*, seems to be essentially the exposition of the passage of Kant which is quoted in the body of the work: "Two things fill my mind with ever-renewed wonder and awe the more often and deeper I dwell on them—the starry vault above me, and the moral law within me". Behind the starry heaven lies God, the Creator, the Veiled Being about whom we can know nothing and toward whom Mr. Wells's attitude is complete agnosticism. The ultimate mysteries of the universe are accordingly relegated to the background and the discussion is of God, the Redeemer. Insofar as he is defined at all, he seems to be the moral law within mankind. But God is a person, says Mr. Wells; he is not the collective mind and purpose of the human race merely, he is not an aggregate but a synthesis. "He is not merely the best of all of us, but a Being in himself, composed of that but more than that, as a temple is more than a gathering of stones, or a regiment is more than an accumulation of men". Let us develop this idea a little more fully. If we were to take all the evil in the world we might on the same principle construct a personal devil. Again, we might take all the beauty in the world and arrive at the conception of a goddess of beauty, an Aphrodite or a Venus; or we might produce an Athene or a Minerva from the world's wisdom. In a word, we might reconstruct the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome. It is but a step from Mr. Wells's reasoning to the functional deities of classical antiquity. Just as a temple is more than a gathering of stones, we may recall that the Romans had a god Terminus who presided over boundary stones. All this is very beautiful, it appeals to our aesthetic sense, but is it true?

Mr. Wells in attempting to escape from Charybdis falls into the clutches of Scylla. He wishes to avoid agnosticism and accordingly invents a god out of the goodness of the human race. He feels the need of a god and finds a god to meet his need. It is the pragmatic approach. The influence of William James, Mr. Wells's friend, is perhaps accountable for this, to an extent. Just how we are to become acquainted with Mr. Wells's god seems rather obscure. The process must be mysterious or it could be explained more clearly. Is it not as reasonable to suppose that we can come into contact with the Veiled Being as with this newly created god? Why should not the power that created the universe pervade it and sustain it? Why should it not be in all things? From a purely pragmatic viewpoint an omnipotent god would no doubt be more helpful than a finite one.

The ideas in Mr. Wells's book are not new, but very old. It is doctrine from the ancient East. How refreshing it is, in this connection, to turn to a few lines of Rabindranath Tagore that are full of meaning: "In the Upanishad it is said, *The supreme being is all-pervading, therefore he is the innate good in all*. To be truly united in knowledge, love and service with all beings, and thus to realise one's self in the all-pervading God is the essence of goodness, and this is the keynote of the teachings of the Upanishads: *Life is immense*".

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HERBERT E. MIEROW.

¹The relative shortness of the Alcaic meter has forced the sacrifice of some of the phrases of the original. If, in verse 14, the present tense in the *dum* clause seems too harsh, out of keeping with *vagabar* the verse might be rewritten thus: *per quos oberro, dum vigeo puer*.